

But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
 He saw the wind upon the water blow,
 And the cold stream curl'd onward as the
 gale
 From the pine-hill blew harshly down the
 dale . . .
 Far to the left he saw the huts of men
 Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen.
 Before him swallows, gathering for the sea,
 Took their short flights and twitter'd on the
 lea;
 And, near, the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest
 done,
 And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun;

or again:

Cold grew the foggy mom, the day was brief,
 Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
 The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
 Roar'd with strong blasts, with mighty showers
 the floods;
 All green was vanish'd, save of pine and yew,
 That still displayed their melancholy hue;
 Save the green holly with its berries red,
 And the green moss that o'er the gravel
 spread;

or better still:

And void of stars the angry clouds look down
 On the cold earth, exchanging frown with
 frown.

Yet more desolate, perhaps, than all his
 wintry land-
 scapes is that still-life from a workhouse
 death-bed:

A yellow teapot, standing at his side,
 From its half-spout the cold black tea
 supplied.

It is ludicrous, and yet it is also grisly, that
 teapot; and its
 tea seems venomous.

Crabbe wrote far too much (*The Borough*
 alone contains ten thousand lines), and rewrote far
 too little; but he
 is in himself a typical representative—more
 typical than
 most of our poets—of that nation of
 shopkeepers which
 has yet produced the finest body of poetry
 in the world.
 The stiff Saxon clay, the saving spark of
 Franco-Norman
 wit, the moral grimness of Langland and the
 humorous
 insight of Chaucer—we may fancy we can

trace that